THE CITIZEN.

Del., Lack, and Western R. R.

Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

SUMMER, 1886. TO NEW YORK. Leave Glenringe 6.06, 7.17, 7.54, 8.30, 9.17, 10,37, 11.37, a.m., 12.43, 1.43, 3.33, 4.42, 5.27, 6.13, 6.37, 8.18, 9.43, 11.08 p. m. 12.37 a. m. Leave Bloomfield-6.08, 6.49, 7.19, 7.56, *8.32, 9.12, 10.35, 11.39, a m, 12.46, 1.45, †2.35, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29, 6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, p m, 12.39 a m. Leave Watsessing-6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 9.21, 10.41, 11.41 a.m. 12.49, 1.48, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 5.187.02, 8.23,

9. 48, 11. 12 p.m., 12.41 a.m. . Does not stop at Newark.

FROM NEW YORK. Leave Barclay Street—6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30, 11.20 a m, 12.40, *1.20, 2.10 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 5.33, 6.20, .uu, 8.30, lu.00, 11,30 p m. Leave Newark for Bloomfield-6.20, 6.40, 7.15, 7.53, 8.43, 10.03, 11.03, 11.53, a.m., 1.13, 1.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5.26, 6.03, 6.53, 7.40, 9.03, 10.38 p.m., 12.08, a.m.

Nore-Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

New York & Greenwood Lake R. R.

Leave Bloomfield—5.38, 7.06, 7.59, *8.35, 8.36, 10.18 a m, 1.22, 3.35, 4.54, 6.54, 9.28 p m. Sunday Trans—8.08 a m, 7.12 p m. Leave Bloomfield avenue, on signal only, 7.59, 10.10 a m, 5.10.

Leave Chambers Street—6.00, 9.00 a m,12.00, 2.00, 3.40, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.20, 8.00, 11.30 p m. Sunday Trains—8.45 a m, 7.45 p m. Leave New York for Orange, stopping at Bloomfield avenue on signal, 8.45 a m, 1.50, 6.00, 9.15 p m. *Stop at North Newark only.

Leave Bloomfield for Greenwood Lake-9.36 a m, 4.56 p m. Sundays, 9.39.

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA:

Mr. Landon, ex-cotton spinner, had good reason to hate the army. His el·lest daughter had married a gallant young hussar, who quickly spent her fortune at Newmarket, and thereafter vanished from the world's ken, leaving her neither widow nor maid. His eldest son-a great scamp, as the sons of steady business men often are entered a dragoon regiment, got into some discreditable row, was tried by court martial, dismissed the service and shot himself through the head the next day. His second daughter, Clara, was cruelly jilted by a guardsman and died at Bournemouth a year subsequently of a broken heart: A second son-at Woolwith-was blown to pieces by a shell which exploded in his hands while he was examining it, and last, but not least, his one remaining child, lus-owe lamb, Lily, evinced a remarkable prepossession for the military. The she only saw them at a distance, never at close quarters. The idiosyncracy was made all the more distressing to Mr. Landon from the circumstances of his residing in a garrison town, which is a seaport as well. He could not prevent Lily seeing soldiers and officers going about their duties, nor could he abolish the regimental band, which always made Miss Lily's blue eyes sparkle, and caused her unconsciously to assume something of the audacious demeanor of a vivandiere. All he could do was to engage a distant relative as a duenna; but, under a homely exterior this old lady concealed a romantic disposition, with a singular belief in what is now derided as chivalry. The Barsetshire regiment, alias the Royal Bombardiers, was quartered at Barmouth at this time, and an exceedingly, lively mess was one of the distinctions of the regiment, two-thirds of the members being young Irishmen. It was currently reported that these young gentlemen, of good family, but slender means, were the plague of the adjutant general's life, so frequent were the complaints and grievances that arose from their racing, rowing, rat hunting, and other proclivities, and that the commander-in-chief himself had threatened to honor the two worst scapegraces of them all with the distinction of a court martial. The two in question-the head and front of all this offending-however. took life rjotously, and were, indeed, on the high road to Avernus, when the following incidents occurred: They were close allies, these two; so much so that they went by the name of Castor and Pollux in the regiment-nicknames that will do just as well as their real ones, which are those of a noble Irish family. Lieuts. Castor and Pollux, then, were walking down the High street arm in arm, with very large cigars in their mouths and very small bull terriers at their heels, when Nick, alias Castor, felt an electric thrill so to say, from the arm of his pal Dick (Pollux), and, from previous experiences, at once concluded that there was a pretty girl around. So there was, and a benign old lady wreathed in

"By George! What an exceedingly pretty girl," quoth Nick; and "Looks very solvent," said more practical Dick.

"Let us follow them, and find out where they live.' The two ladies, who had evidently been making some trifling purchases in town, had turned their faces in the direction of the suburbs, and were now walking along the seashore, the younger with a white, fluffy poodle dog in her arms. The officers followed them at a respectful distance, but the bull terriers were in earnest in their endeavors to make the acquaintance of the fluffy poodle. Perhaps this accounted for one

of the ladies' knowledge of what was going "Let us ask them to call off their dogs," said Lily; "I am sure they are officers of the

"Not for the world, not for the world, my dear," replied the duenna; "not that I have any doubt about their gallantry, the chivalrous sense of honor of these brave men who die for their country, and for England, home and beauty; but think what your papa would say, with his singular antipathy to warriors. Oh, no, never; let us hurry on, or they may perhaps be too assiduous in their

They did hurry on to the haven of a pretty bijou cottage in red brick and stone gables, standing among laurels in its grounds, and a stone's throw only from the sea into which there jutted a boat pier, with a boat at the end of it. The two ladies disappeared through the green gate, but Castor managed to catch a Parthian glance of a pair of very bright, sapphire blue eyes, while Pollux was saluted with a series of barks from the poodle, who now, believing himself at home and safe from terriers, struggled violently in his mistress' arms in the vain pretense of desiring to annihilate them both at once.

"A doosed neat little crib," observed Pollux, staring up at the bow windows. "Just the kind of little box one would like to dawdle away a summer in, if one had £3,000 a year, instead of only 1,000 farthings." As Castor pensively turned homewards be

saw something white, like a handkerchief, wave from a top window. His spirits rose with a bound, and, singularly enough, he never mentioned the circumstance to his dear

Ah! if he had but known that this was only a frisky treak of Miss Vizard, the duenna, into whose head there suddenly came a phantasy of a distressed damsel in a turret, and of two young knights attempting her rescue. The circumstance, however, was enough to fan the spark-the bolt from the blue-in Castor's bosom to a flame, while, as for his fre ad, be walked on rapt in contemplation of John's allusion to Mr. Landon's

wealth and "wulgarity." Next cay, and next day, and the next, the and smoked many cigars on the little pier, but to a purpose. No one came out of the green gate and no one went in; nevertheless they enjoyed a beautiful view of the drawing

"It's not satisfying, you know," said Castor, "but it's better than nothing, seeing

"I tell you what, my dear fellow," said Polhux, "this can't go on nohow." I must have money, for the duns are all down on me in shoals, and my respected progenitor is in the | tentiously. "A glance at my poor dear

same fix as myself, since all his tenants down at Castle Pollux refuse to pay him the

"Hang your filthy lucre! I only want ber "It strikes me, my child, that you are very far gone. But sitting here smoking won't do us much good in the way of either optics or rupees. The question is, how to get in?"
"I am sure she is kind hearted," said Cas-

tor, "See how she bugged that poorle-lucky "Come! That's good," cried Pollux. "Happy though, let us test it "

"How!" "This way, sonny You tumble into the water; here, off this pier; and I will plunge in and rescue you. Man overboard! Great sensation, you know Gallant conduct! Carried to the drawing room by John. Smelling bottles, brandy; put to bed! Bless you, my children, £20,000 down, and £20,000 more at my death! Old man now, and can't live long! Upon my word it's glovious," cried Pollux enthusiastically.

"I can see that you have arranged this plot very nicely for yourself, my dear Pollux.4 I am to fall in, and to be the duffer that gets drowned, while you are to be the hero, the brave preserver, and so forth-no, thank

"But think of the pity a corpse ex ites, and the brandy and water, and that blue-eved charmer putting hot stockings her own perhaps full of salt, to your poor feet."

"Ay, my good Pollux, and of your whispering into her ears all the time, No, the sorra a bit of me will be the corpse. You

may, if you like." "Well, as you say yourself, it is better than nothing. I'll be the denid moist, unpleasant body, but its no use to-day. There's flutter in the dovecote, and we may just as well go home to lunch"-which they did.

The next day was Sunday, and there was only early church parade. The two young officers strolled down to the cottage by the sea, and having taken up their positions at the end of the pier began to smoke as usual. The bells were ringing for church, and the morning was a fine one in the merry month of May. Presently they saw a solemn procession issuing from the green gate, headed by Mr. Landon, who in figure and features was remarkably like Mr. Hablot Browne's pictures of Mr. Dombey, in the novel of that name. Mr. Landon, Miss Vizard, two maid servants, a coachman, a page and John, the footman, with two outdoor servants, formed the cortege. They all carried large prayer books, and were in their go-tomeeting raiment. Miss Lily was not therenor the poodle. Miss Landon had developed quite a fondness for the sea of late, and was never tired of watching its varying moodsso like those of a woman-from her window.

"I say," said Pollux, when the procession had gone past some time, "there she is behind the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein was not drawing room curtain. Fortune favors us, fonder of soldiers than Lily Landon, but then | the house is empty; now is the time for our little comedy!" So saying he walked to the very edge and looked into the sea. "But look here, chappie! It will never do for you to save me, for you would not have the nous to carry the farce through. Come, no hesitation, in you go," and suiting the action to the word he sent Mr. Castor with a souse into the the water. Miss Landon saw it all from the window, and so did the poodle. The latter barked disapprobation of the whole proceeding, but his mistress trembled with fear and

> "Good gracious!" she said to herself. "Are those two handsome young officers quarreling about me, and will there be murder? Oh, my! No! See, one of them throws, off his coat and dashes his hat on the ground. He plunges into the boiling waves to save his drowning friend! The waters close over them! Brave man! O dear, I can't stand this! Cook! Cook! Come here, run, run

The cook, a fat Irish woman with a red face and reddish hair, came puffing and blowing to the foot of the stairs. "O, cook, run quick and save them! Two

officers! Drowning there at the pier! O, run, run quick, cook, please." "Is it sogers they are? Bedad, thin, the divil a fear of them. Sure, an' indeed I was coorted by a sergeant meself, and sez he, sez

But Miss Landon could not wait to hear honest Bridget's reminiscences. She sped out of the house and down to the pier, the poodle barking furiously in front and Bridget puffing like a female locomotive in the rear. They reached the beach just in time to meet the two dripping officers coming out of the water. If Miss Landon had not been so excited she might have thought it singular that the drowned man was riding on the other's back, and that, though his eyes were shut, he seemed to cling vigorously to his friend's neck. But she neither noticed this

nor anything else in her efforts to emulate Grace Darling on that coast. "Oh! I saw you fall into the water; I am so glad," she stammered, inconsequently. "How brave it was of you; but will be die?"

Pollux shook his head meaningly-like Lord Bacon in the play. "It all depends on prompt measures. If we could only put him to bed at once, now." "Oh, bring him into the house. My name Lily-Miss Landon, you know-and I'm

sure papa will not be angry when it is a matter of life and death." "'Deed, thin, but he'd be a naygur if he vas anything else," said Bridget.

Chuckling at the success of his experiment, Pollux-who was a young athleteran his friend at the double into the cottage, while the two women followed at their best pace behind in much perturbation,
"Ye must put him into the master's own

bed," quoth Bridget, who was the only servant left this Sunday in the house, "and give him plenty of rum and brandy. That's what cures the sogers, as Sergt. Heavystirn many any many's the time"-"Take him up to papa's room. Up the

stairs to the right. Can I do anything, sir? Oh, please tell me." "He should have hot stockings full of salt on his legs and feet," said Pollux gravely. "Would Bridget's do?" she inquired

eagerly. "She wears blue wooleners, very warm and thick"-"I think," said Pollux, shaking his head, "that Lisle thread, size sixes, would suit his

complaint better." She blushed, for she saw he was regarding her boots. After this, though anxious to be of every assistance, she did not seem to be very much afraid of fatal consequences from the accident.

In the midst of the to-do, while Bridget was cooking rum and water and lemons, and frequently tasting the mixture, in the kitcken, and while Castor was carefully tucked into Mr. Landon's bed by his friend, who had enrobed himself in Mr. Landon's dressing gown and nether garments the afore-said procession returned from church. Lily flew down the stairs like a bird, but not

quicker than the indignant poodle. "O, papa, dear! Only think. They were all but drowned, when we saved them; that is, I and cook. O, wasn't it a mercy! Thetwo officers! They are in your bed." She burst into tears, as girls do under sud-

den excitement. "Two officers, and in my bed!" exclaimed her father wrathfully. "What does this mean! Are you mad?". "Only one, papa," she said humbly, and looking down.

"Pish! Well, they shall get out of the house faster than they came in," he cried, and bounded up the stairs. But even Mr. Landon was silenced by what he saw in his bedroom. The blinds were all drawn and the room darkened. A young man with a curly head lay in his bed. His eyes were shut and his face pallid. The latter was due, it must be confessed, to an application of violet powder from the toilet

table. There were great black marks under his eyes—from a lump of coa in the grane and Mr. Landon began to think that iers were really worse than be thought. Moreover, he had caught Bridget's reference to the nobility, and Mr. Landon, like many self-made men, dearly loved a lord. "Well, sir," he caid to Pollux.

"Necessity knows no law," said Pollux sen-

friend there will show that there was no alternative but to bring him her. "He had better have a doctor," observed

Mr. Landon, nothing at the best" "Not on any account! He would never for give me for making so much of his case. He will be all right presently. It is not the first time he has been drowned-or the last." "I trust not," said the other, walking out of

He was met in the passage by Miss Vizard i should like to see the youth," said the

"So should I." said Lily. "You may," to Miss Vigard. "As for you, to your room at once, Miss, and don't leave it till these young men have gone from

Miss Vizard stole into the room on tiptoe, with her fingers, encased in black mattens, to "Is he dying?" she whispered. "So young and so fair! How dreadful! Does he say

anything! He seems to want to speak!" She

bent her head, and the moribund whispered something in her ear "If you are sure he is dving," she said to Pollux, "there can be no harm in his seeing Lily for this once, though what he can have to say to her that he cannot say to me, I am

sure I don't know." "Alone!" murmured the dying man, and Pollux, looking angrily at him, had to go out with Miss Vizard to the corridor.

Miss Landon was all for praying by the sick man's bed when she was ushered in with an injunction from the duenna to be quick, lest her papa should come up, but to her amazement the little band she so tenderly offered him was pressed with very animated vigor to his mustache. She had never felt a mustache before, and it confused her; but not unpleasantly: "O, tell me, Mr. Castor, that you are not

going to die. Fluff, the poodle, growled discontentedly under the bed, as if to say: "No such luck for "Not," replied he, "if you give me encour-

agement to live." "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Mr. Castor. Of course we all want you to

live. Why not?" "In the book that you hold there," said this scamp, "it is said that the price of a good woman is above that of rubies. Now, I've no precious stones; but a woman can give away herself free gratis, you know, just as I gave myself away in love at first sight to you," "You shouldn't talk so. It is very wicked." "So it is," growled the poodle in assent. He still held her hand. She didn't like to

snatch it from a poor dying fellow creature "There is something said about the sweetness of the lips, too," he remarked ardently.

"I should like to try them-in a dying way only, you know." This time she did snatch her hands away. "You wicked man!" she cried; "I don't like you one little bit. Why didn't you stop in

the sea?" Castor watched her hasty exit from the Meanwhile Miss Vizard was conversing with Pollux in the corridor.

"Do you read Froissart." she asked. "in the

"You see we have so much blackboard now -I mean musketry," he explained-"that we "Ah! why don't they have tournaments and

noble professions?" "Ah! why indeed!" murmured that artful scamp, sinking on one knee. So, when Lily ran out of the room it was to see Mr. Pollux on his knee and holding her

queens of beauty now, as of old, in your

duenna's hand, while he gazed up into that lady's face with a well-affected air of knightly devotion. "This house is bewitched," she said, running

"What must she think of me?" said Miss Vizard, abashed. "What indeed!" said Pollux. "Stay!" continued the rogue, with an eye to further entertainment. "Say to Mr. Landon that so long as there is such an irresistible attraction

in the house as yourself, we cannot, we can not positively keep away from it." Now, Miss Vizard was very fat, and, more over, wore a wig: yet, such is female credulity, she was willing to believe him at once. "So chivalrous!" she murmured, on her way to Mr. Landon's sanctum down stairs. "He is a noble young man—so tender!"
"Who?" asked Mr. Landon grimly, from

"Mr. Pollux. You must ask him to din-"I won't. They are after that silly girl of

"He! he! he!" giggled Miss Viza d. "I could tell you a tale, but I must not -not yet. Of one thing be assured, that Lily is not the

"Perhaps it is Bridget, the cook, then. But this I am certain, that out they go from this house as soon as that boy in my bed can be

"Oh, gracious! What's this? Here's a soldier in a red coat at the door," exclaimed Miss Vizard of a sudden.

And a soldier it was—an orderly in pursuit of the young men. Miss Vizard almost fainted when she heard that the Royal Bombardiers were ordered on service to South Africa immediately, and that the colonel had been sending messengers in search of them all the morning. The effect on the drowned was remarkable. He jumped out of bed and clothed himself in a moment. So did his friend.

Miss Lily wept silently. "As I'll never probably see you again, I'll say good-by," said Mr. Landon quietly. Miss Vizard regarded Pollux with inex-

pressible tenderness. "It is like going to the Crusades," she mur-As for poor Lily, she could only return the squeeze of her lover's hand-no more.

* * * * * * At Majuba hill there are two graves side by side, in which Pollux and Castor, undivided in death, sleep well. I wonder if Lad. Longworth ever thinks of them in the whirl of London society? She is a great lady now, and her eyes are as much admired as



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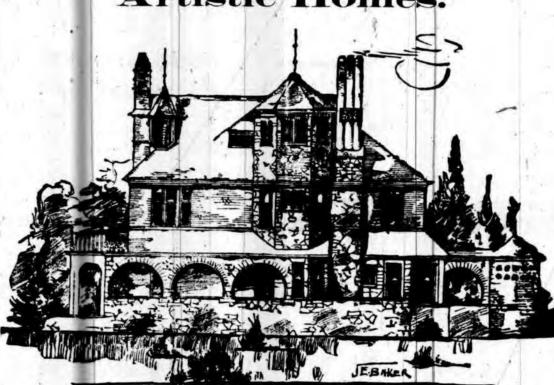
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